

A Long History of Images



By Shomit
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I. 1908,
Italian

Roman Literature and its Circles

In fact then in
1908, a Italian
peasant man
then walks
into a café and

even writes a
note to the
bank and
walks back to
his house. In
the sense then
of Mussolini's
dictatorship
and fascism,
comes the

process of
writers who
then smoke
and protest
this a lot. It is
a lot of people
walking
around
squares. In
Roma, the

writer's club
was meeting
for an
important
cheque and
cash way of
getting around
their crisis.
They live in
organic

decaying
housing, with
rain falling.
Mechanical
materialists,
the newspaper
comments on
what seems
like life best
described as

then the
meaning of
life, going past
you in a car
and how
literature is
that sense of
infinity in
man. Infinity
then in its own

kind is
literature. One
then walks
past the
piazzos of
Roma and
finds these
writers
smoking
cigarettes and

in 1958, a
certain
Alenette was
walking to
Parisian cafes
and smoking
himself and
arguing that
the history of
the 19th

century is also
then relevant
to us.

II. Literature as an Image of Life

In 1910, the
Italian circle
migrated to
Mexico and
worked in
offices, life is
then this
journey which
belongs to
writing. And in

fact is a
meditation as
far as we
know and only
that.

Meditations
then means
can life live up
to literature?

Arturo Belano

comes into the
picture in
1927, perhaps
and even was
young in 1910
and was
always
arguing. Life
is lived like a
vast Greek

tragedy. It is
simple epistles
and Roman
Italian
language
circles which
will confirm
life's destined
arc. That we
are all in fact

people who
live and write
and write
fictions, but
there is only
the literature
we produce as
Homer would
argue, the
Illiad was lived

but also
written. It
means life is
lived as a
fragment
unless we
match up to
the old Italian
custom these
writers had, of

it raining and
nights going
by intoxicated
by writing and
literature.

That organic
decaying and
that sense of
people
working in

cheap offices,
and now
writing and
now talking.

III. An Arc

Journalists get
outside the

offices of New
York and lock
the door and
work out a
process of the
standard story
of heroism.
But what then
is literature
and cinema to

these
journalists
who prefer the
standard
academic life.
That large
glory of
literature,
beating its
luminous

wings in the
margins.

Something like
an epic, the
history of
journalists are
all working in
offices and
billing an old
pay phone.

IV. How was I so Fine?

Arturo meets
his lover and
meets her in a
Mexican café
and spoke to

her. He said in
fact life is an
image of art,
but literature
is meant to be
called exile
and even
illness, it is
like an illness
we live

intoxicated
with
literature.
Jorge Luis
Borges was
then in
Argentina and
dancing and
swinging to
the process of

an eternity he
meant of
women. Ilaan
was in fact
laughing and
crying reading
this long 2000
page novel he
found which
was about the

immortal fact
of Homer's
point and
Vigil. Imagine
– la processo
de literature
es en facto
infinidad y es
la refleccion
de una person

in la literatura
que es la
inmortalidad
de Spartacus.

The three with
Mariol met in
Greece at the
Parthenon and
smoked and

laughed and
cried. They
understood in
1968 the
meaning of
literature.

That it is lived
in fact by
reading. The
readerly type.

Women were
all in fact
dropping into
the ground
and I was also
with them and
we were
acting out a
standard
scene and it

was theatre
and cinema.
But not
literature we
meant.
Literature is
more like a
rum and rain
and reading.

That joy of
reading.

V. You Make
Me So Hot

What is this
mechanical
behaviour

Cesara said to
Ilaan, this
machine which
is so
mechanical
and Dadaist in
fact, with a
machine
starting its
talking and

being
mechanical till
it flies. Women
were then
dressed in
eternal
clothing and
they all said
“You make me
so hot.” Now

literature
groups in the
long 20th
century said,
that this
acting is so
complex and
so fine. It is
like cinema.
Be profound,

you see this is
all in Homer
and Vigil
already – that
we are hot and
speak in hot
language. Like
Chryseis who
speaks in her
language of

hot to Achilles.
And it is hot,
that we forget,
it is hot. Like a
hot act, only
hot. Las chicas
están sobre la
infinitud de
reflección en
la palabra. La

Logica del
mundo, es
sexualidad, la
prefiero la
sexualidad de
una acto,
como hot. She
smoked like La
Cara la Lorca,
because it was

hot. Am I hot?
I'm hot. Why?
Because I am
in fact that
hot. It is like
when you say
in Lorca, Jorge
Luis Borges
says – la Lorca
is now in fact

hot. It is
something like
translation.
Something like
this work by
Homer being
translated, we
are living a
Homer's Illiad
I meant. I am

sure it is Illiad.
Every page,
and incident
then changes
to an edit and
changes to
that moment
we were
perfect, that
moment we hit

the perfect
logic which
then is in
Homer, as he
walked out of
the library, the
moment of an
Illiadnic
excurses. It
means in fact

in page 40 of
Argentinos
Illiadnes it
says “A man is
always
perfect, and
woman is her
competition in
philosophy,
and it is

wisdom but we
also mean
sexuality at a
maximal it is
also in fact
hot, that word
loved by all. It
also means
they are that
fly and that

movement. As
Borges walks
about in his
room just now,
and say why
not be more
profound, it
says it all, says
it all, it is just
the accent

that does it,
just the gaze
which then is
like a tiger in
space what is
the sexual act
in tiempos.”

Part II –

I. Structural Transformations in the 1920s to 1980s

A woman,
Ilaaya was

then in fever
and really in
fever and was
weak and sang
and sang a lot
to the man,
Allenos and
was in fact all
about him and
wanted to say

to him he is
what she
needs. She
kept in fact
sleeping and
working in a
kitchen and
then talking to
him and this
then Ulysses

argues is
materialism in
a woman and
love and sex
and it means
in fact – when
they then
explore the
love they
should be

materialists. It
should be
about in fact
the process of
talking and
learning the
organic bodies
and the
organic
expression of

language and
then it should
become a
passion of the
kind never
seen before. I
believe only in
– the sense of
his body and
his shaved

face and my
hair falls on
my back and
this then is
what he calls
my long hair. I
am just about
in fact the
process of
what Ulysses

calls the
process of love
becoming in
fact a full
blown passion.

II. I Have a
Passion
for Him

Elenate says
all I care
about is my
lover and his
well being. I
also think we
understand it
all. I am not
interested in
anything else.

III. Illiad

On this
question,
Jorge argues,
the Illiad is
then about a
ship and a
ship caught by
God and then

read this as
the meaning of
God, that
there is in all
the figuratives
of this novel
already in fact
the process of
God
shipwrecking

a person and
working out a
office which
shifts to this
house and it
all means if I
am correct
that we are in
a long journey
which means

in fact that
there is – “La
expression de
sexo en
feminidad”
which means
we are all
exploring
literature in
life.

IV. Arturo on the Meaning of Literatur e

In his long
coat, Arturo in
the 1920s was

in fact
stylishly acting
and said she is
hotter and
better don't
worry and she
wanted to say,
I am far
higher.

III. A Long Journey in the Long 20th Century

The process of
reflections
among the
writers then
was in the

long 20th
century a long
process of
migrations
and writer's
associations
and
journalistic
heroism and
even a long

journey of
their worlds
and critics
also joined the
migratory
movements.
Living like
migrants they
realised
poverty and

crime was part
of life and
literature is a
work of
greater
imagination.
All our lives
were
dedicated to
literature, that

Patria and that
land which
never ceases
to wonder.

Along the lines
of a dance in
the 1910 circle
of the Italian
writers there

was a lot of
dancing and
singing. It was
like a movie.

V. Writers in Class Rooms and Their Style in

Italian 1900s

In fact putting
their hands in
their pockets
and walking
up and down
in humour.
The Italians

smoked and
talked and
meant that
this was what
bend means,
and bent and
sang. They
even meant
this was life. It
has bends.

VI. A Lesson
in
Bending
and
Forms of
Acting
and Even
Notes
Being

Read in
Italy
again

In fact by
1921, there
were seven
writers who
migrated from
Italian cities to

in fact Peru
and then
Bolivia and
they were
about the
migrant work
life which then
was all about
writing
literature and

working on
publishing.

VII. Critics

A lot of critics
then came to
the Italian
circle and
explained
their points in

Italy again in
1921 and were
in fact
pointing to the
notes of music
being lived in
their art of
living. Like
when you say
“I bend to the

ground in
Stendhal” it is
like that
Stendhal and
means it is all
like beauty
swooning. One
should not be
opposed to
swooning.

Part III.

In complex
narratives and
innovative
literary style
the Argentine
writers were
living in the
Spanish coasts

and working
out a number
of novels.

After a
tumultuous
life that saw
him leaving
Chile following
the Pinochet
coup, Arturo

spent
significant
periods in
Mexico, El
Salvador, and
finally Spain,
where he
settled in the
early 1980s.
His body of

work spans
novels, short
stories, and
poetry, with
notable titles
including.

Artemio his
comrade from
writer's
notation group

which wrote
on notations,
music and life
had writing
often
intertwining
elements of
noir,
existentialism,
and social

critique, which
has earned
him acclaim as
a major figure
in
contemporary
literature.

I. The Critics -

The Search for Benno

Four
European
literary critics
obsessed with
the elusive
German writer

Benno. This
group
comprises
Jean Sefira
from France,
Manuel from
Spain, another
man from
Italy, and
another critic

from Southern
Argentina who
was then part
of Spanish life
again. United
by their
academic
passion and
reverence for
German

expressionism,
their lives
intertwine
both
personally and
professionally
as they delve
deeper into
the enigmatic
literary figure

whose works
have
profoundly
impacted each
of them. Their
initial
interactions
take place
during
academic

conferences
and
publications,
where
reverence for
Benno work
paves the way
for intellectual
camaraderie.
However, as

time
progresses,
the intensified
their search of
the writings of
Peira and
Gutieraz.
Their search
might be in
Mexico one

afternoon
where they
were in fact in
a conference
smoking and
talking as a
public
convention
held there and
their lectures

continued.
This leads to a
collective
decision to
meet in
Southern
Mexico among
the peasants.
Their journey
signifies a

deeper quest,
not just for the
man behind
the
masterpieces,
but for an
understanding
that
transcends the
literary and

touches the
very essence
of existence.
During their
stay in a small
pottened and
poor guest
house,
tensions begin
to surface

among the
critics,
manifesting
both
personally and
professionally.
The desperate
search
delineates a
stage where

personal
ambitions and
literary
pursuits
merge,
revealing the
inescapable
complexities
of human
connections

and the
unending
chase for
meaning
within the
realms of art
and life.

II. Worlds and Parts I

meant in
the World

Many worlds
and these
writers were
in the 1900s
and the critics
in the 1950s
and also then

similarly in the
present world
of the 21st
century a lot
of worlds in
fact or as it is
called a lot of
critic lives and
writer lives
and seminars

and
conferances.

I call this
many worlds
so far.

A structural
transformation
for the Italian

writers who
were from the
long 20th
century and
journalists
who did a lot
of heroic
interventions
through the
long journey

against the
Nazis.

All of this
becomes
Arturo and
Borges in the
Parthenon
with in fact
Ilaan. In

Greece it
seems it is all
philosophical
and
rumination
like.

III. A
Professor
Climbing

down the
Staircase
in a Part of
Mexico
Again but
also in
Argentina
another
Professor

working in Class

This odd
behavior of La
Grangeane
becomes a
Communist
way of dealing
with the

professors
who all
disagree to
take his
pamphlet. His
interactions
with
colleagues and
students at the
university are

imbued with a
sense of
detachment.
Noesa finds
himself
increasingly
isolated,
retreating into
his own world
of

philosophical
meditations.
He reflects on
great
philosophical
and literary
figures,
pondering
questions
about

meaning, and
destiny.
Sifting
through
memories and
ideas, his
thoughts often
drift to his late
wife, Lola,
whose

abandonment
still haunts
him—a
personal ghost
amidst the
real, tangible
threats in
criminal sides
of Latin
American

pestizos. The
more he
contemplates
the book, the
more it
becomes a
malady of the
mind to sit and
contemplate
the ex-wife

and also the
culture of
memories and
writings in the
sense of old
books and
works on
geometry he
used to teach
in Colegio del

Al, all of this
then is how he
smokes and
wastes his
time in the day
and wasting is
like day
dreaming all
through the
day and

smoking and
walking to the
car parking
and washing
the car. In his
own ways,
Noesa begins
to imagine the
presence of
invisible,

malicious
forces. At
times, he
believes he
hears
whispers,
discussions in
unknown
tongues
carried by the

relentless
desert breeze.
Noesa's
concerns for
Rosa become
paramount,
overshadowin
g his own
yearnings for
peace and

recognition in
the conference
competition he
has with his
predictions of
winning in a
prize way the
same culture
he once won a
lot but

recently has
lost alot. He
fears for her
safety in a city
rife with
corrupt police,
indifferent
authorities,
and the
endless

brutality of the
murders. He is
reading the
newspaper
and watching
television and
decides to
walk to his
house and I
mean Rosa's

house to
protect his
daughter and
the feeling of
complete
helplessness
over the
situation
becomes a
central

conflict as
they talked.
His reflections
take on a
distressing
tone as he
imagines the
worst possible
scenarios, that
she is without

the police who
he then calls
and has a long
talk with.

Part IV

I. Realism

The professors
in Latin
American
conventions
and writers
also
participating
in the same
conventional
ways are all

then about the
teaching
process. I also
argue they
have minds
which are all
memories and
like a process
of Parara who
then wanders

in roads and
writes letters
and smokes a
lot and is also
in his mind
thinking all
the time about
Rosa for a
year and
helping her

with the
academic life
of daily type.
Now the
Communist La
Granga jokes
this is what it
is like in Latin
American
perichulos

when they do
not do
philosophy but
live with the
realism of
their lives. I
mean in one
rendition, they
keep thinking
obsessively

even about
their fights at
work. It is a
realism I give
here. First to
get ready and
work out their
lives on the
daily
newspaper

and then
television and
then off to in
fact work. I
argue La
Granga
describes
these people a
lot – “These
people you

know as Jose
is arguing with
Jorge there
are all about
the opposite
things, about
the daily life in
Colegios and
about their
academics and

academic
passions, they
are immersed
in memories
and are also in
fact Ayachuclo
people, I mean
village people
who then
become

educated and
work out their
lives in the
sense of what
seems like a
mix of crime
and politics
and
academics. I
mean

Ayachuclo is a
good meaning
of criminal
mentalities as
it were. Just
read this
mentality,
their
consciousness
is permeated

with crimes,
money and
academics and
that is Colegio
del Mexico.”

II. The Part About Fate - A

American journalist

Despite his
ambivalence,
he takes on
the task,
hoping to
tackle more
serious

matters than
sports. Upon
arriving in
Mexico,
Noesa is
immediately
struck by the
town's
poverty in
Mexico City,

a palpable
taxi man
hanging over
everything.
His early
days are
consumed by
covering the
build-up to
the fight,

including
interviews
with the
boxers,
promotional
events, and
the general
buzz
surrounding
the spectacle.

During these
interactions,
he meets a
variety of
characters,
including
sports
enthusiasts,
local officials,
and fellow

journalists,
each offering
their own
perspective
on life in
Santa Teresa.
As fate would
have it, he
delves deeper
into his

assignment,
his path
crosses and is
intrigued by
Rosa's plight,
her father's
odd behavior
and dangers
that seem to

haunt their
family.

III. Realism

First there is
the doors and
housing and
roof and fan,
this then

becomes the
setting which
is of a poorer
class of
academics.

They are not
the same as
Marxists, not
at all this
refined culture

of Kant and
Hegel talking.
It is a poorer
class and then
comes the
working man
and his
working life
and with it
working

thoughts and
like that
Parara is in
fact as the
newspaper
reports “a
culture of low
thinkers and
such low
culture which

is about crime
or politics or
even
academics
which is then
low thinking.
Not high
culture and
philosophy,
but low

culture and
philosophy.”

Parara was
caught in 2021
for in fact
working out a
plan in police
crimes and
working on

several banks
and also
working daily
in Colegio del
Mexico and
writing a lot of
plagiarised
books and
publishing for
fame and has

been seen as a
philosophical
man who
reflects on
Manderma as
his
philosopher
chosen.

Manderma is
about crime

and politics in
a translation
of
Conservative
philosophers
in Mexico.

VI. Last Part –

Part About
The Life of
Italian Benno,

Born Benno
Vueli, emerges
as a complex
figure in the
final and most
revealing part

of the long 20th
century. His
journey from
an obscure
youth to a
renowned but
elusive author
interweaves
personal
history with

the broader
currents of
20th-century
events.

Reiter's early
life is marked
by an affinity
for the strange
and an
insatiable

curiosity about
the world,
traits that set
the foundation
for his literary
pursuits later
in life. He
grows up in a
humble
German

village,
displaying
unusual
interests from
an early age,
particularly an
obsession with
underwater
life. His
voracious

reading habits
become a
sanctuary, but
his youth is
soon disrupted
by Germany
and Nazism.

He
participates in
discussions on

the defeat
then on
Nazism and
tumbles upon
the diaries of a
deceased
fellow soldier,
which recount
vivid and often
macabre

stories. These
writings
enthrall Reiter
and serve as a
bridge
between his
fragmented
experiences
and his

developing
literary voice.

Part VII
A Long
History
written on
Greece,
another long
history written

on the 20th
century and a
long history in
arcs in the 19th
and 21st and
1971 – 2025.

Apart from
History, see
here Episodic
Constructions

– Parts about
Politics, Parts
about
Detective
Fiction
Now articulate
all of this to a
long
construction.
Add California

and even
American On
the Road.
Like this
comes the
newspaper to
the Italian
realist writers
about in the
definition of it

the most
brilliant news
they read.

Merine wakes
up and is then
in a part of a
image, reading
out the
language of
art. Which

then is
instructions by
Fileppe and
his rendering
of a delusional
life into the
process of
what Merine
calls his
image. It

means then to
be interested
in the mansion
at Paris, rue,
where then
Elana walks
by. The
political
demonstration
in Paris was

therefore of
the highest
meaning to
Elana and
Fileppe – they
were talking
about the
instructions in
theatre, which
were about in

1921 - 22, a
Blanquism
being so
dominant.
So in fact, in
1911, two
comrades
walked into a
train, and got
off at Paris. Le

Moutaine and
Leresqui were
then talking to
the French
circle of
writers. Like
this the
evening faded
on Paris and
even then in

Moscow. It
was cold and
December
when in fact
this process of
history was
unfolding as a
drama that
Elena was in
fact describing

to Mara, in
Argentina and
in fact in one
arc from the
perspective of
Ilaan. All of
this then was
history. It was
a long process
in the sense of

a
Passeggenwork
which Le
Moutaine and
Leresqui were
then walking
into, when
Leon Trotsky
was walking to
Moscow

central railway
station and
smoking his
cigarette in a
train as well –
a local to the
working class
side of living
quarters.

II.

In that way
then in a
formal way
there was a
long English
customary law
– that of the
legal permit to

monarchical
life which then
ensues as
Marxism and
Philosophy.
But not for
common crass
people who
was working
on their suit

on
monarchism
for in fact
denying them
their caste
rights to be
part of their
way of life. It
is therefore in
legal history

not allowed as
monarchs
argued for the
diviner
Spinozan
minds who
keep working
science and
philosophy to
mix with these

castes of
normal people
and castes and
ways of life
and styles of
thinking which
is then about
mainly as
Plato argues
in a rendition

– first comes
the guy he has
a lot of
problems in
his life and in
his mind is
depicting
some crisis for
the parents
and they then

day dream and
do a lot of
thinking on
common
things, crass
things that
bronze class
gentleman
who lives even
today in

America, that
white racist
man who is
always about
racist ideas
like the recent
on, Ilaan
checks the
newspaper –
“Pocket ideas

for money”
which means
in fact as he is
busy with
modelling
when Leresqui
was calling
her on the by-
phone and in
fact talking

about visiting
her in
Argentina,
Buenos Aires
This was how
Ilaan was
working out
his historical
writing in
Algeria, and in

India,
travelling also
to Greece
were Lauren
and Konderchi
were
discussing the
work of art in
the Parthenon
– and it meant

then to also
read its
sculptural
fragmentation
as – “the
process of
Communism
finally from
intellectual
and

proletarian,
even women's
feminist
orientations.”

We meant
then to pass
into a pub in
Berlin where
many
Communists

were in fact
talking about
criminal
mentalities in
the 1920s.

And so in fact
history was
unfolding like
a process, or
even a

passeggenwork
which then
compromises
at the virtual
happiness of
each Le
Mountaine
and Leresqui
even Leon
Trotsky and

Lauren and
Ilaan – all of
whom were on
the by-phone
talking also to
Frida and
Alexandra
Kollontai and
even in fact
Rosa

Luxembourg.
All of this was
a long history
which went on
for many
years, in
images – types
of historical
works
commissioned

by Lenin and
even types of
pamphlets
which were
avant-garde
and following
a cinema on
the train
which was
common and

rare both –
depending on
the
temporality of
the working
class general
strike which
then was
across this
process of

daily drinking
and smoking
and talking to
each other at
different
points in
history and
countries.

II. A Work of Art – Structuralism

A long history
then of the
Italian writers
and even the
modern critics
and Benno and

Nueneri and
all of them
who were then
in fact in the
1900s working
out pamphlets
for their type
of anarchism
and mixed
with it as you

can tell right
wing
allegories. I
mean in fact
the process of
writing and
reflecting can
also be then
this long
battle between

the right and
the left in that
period which
then left won.
III.

And so in fact
there is now a
common work
to all the
works being

written – Le
Mara is then a
French model,
and Natalia,
the American
actor, and
model who
was with
Scara and
Scarlett which

then was all
that was going
on in Madrid
in the 1921
period. After
the October
Revolution
won in Soviet
Union. A
number of

fashion
meetings and
even a number
of meetings
with
Alexandra in
Iran, and Rosa
Luxembourg
in Italy. Ilaan
was a

promised lover
and in fact all
about the
work of art
called “Le
Veia” which
means to see
but also to see
prophetically
and becomes

“La Maratisa”
and is in fact a
prophetic set
of years
Alexandra said
to him. He
meant to walk
with her and
take a train
and drop her

off to her
house in
Tehran. A lot
of discussions
then on the
Parthenon “A
lot to say, and
a lot to mean,
about history
then?”

Alexandra was
saying to
Ilaan. “And so
in fact the
Greek
metaphysics of
the Rabal is
also in some
sense our
work together,

this evening,
this night.”

And they
talked some
more about
the work of
art. As if it
meant to
interpret
Communism,

as Rabal,
Alexandra
laughed and
said goodbye.
For the
evening then,
and Ilaan was
off to Moscow.

III. Images to
the Novel – a
Long set of
Images in
Contemporary
Fashion which
then is a
movement
towards
Recent History

And so in fact
images queue
up to the
scenes which
now criss-
cross all the
novels and
ficciones, in
the works of

the author.

Reflections of
Jorge Luis
Borges, and
Arturo Belano
as well.

Imagine then
the realism of
fiction and the
author's

images and his
lovers.

And so in fact
there was a
long history
passing by the
observers and
protagonist in
Europe and
now also

America today
– we mean
years passed
by and many
episodes are
constructed
about it.

IV. Worlds, Names and People

In many
worlds then
comes the
story to Ilaan
and the
Communists
and in many

ways of life
and styles of
thought and
castes.

In fact then
Ilaan is busy
doing
philosophy
and Marx and

is also about
Hegel. All the
people in the
carriage in
this long
history of cars
are then
labouring
people who
follow Marxist

arguments
still. He then
visits the
Italian writers
and studies
their lives. A
lot of written
excellence on
the mentality
of the criminal

gangs in
Italian
Southern
Sicily.

Finale -
A lot of people
pass by and in
France there

is then a
surrealist
image of pen
writers
association
and then
comes the
shift to the
axis of
working class

people all in
Marxist
general strike
and then
comes the
Marxists and
Communists
all the same,
all alike and
then one is

transferred to
the long
history of
Italian writers
and right
wingers who
all live in
Mexico even
now. In
Mexico one

finds this
whole criminal
class of
academcis. I
mean call this
work what is
called a
portmanteaux
of the
workers,

peasants,
shipping
merchants,
and capitalist
merchants and
philosophers
who then are
different in the
portmanteaux
it means in set

of castes and
ways of life
there is a lot
of different
mentionings of
expenditure
and money
classes.

As Brecht
alights from a

flight in New
Delhi, it all
means in this
sense a Three
Penny Opera
of then the
criminal man
and his right
wing mind and
then comes

the heroes.
The Marxists.
“So high,’ he
said to
himself, and
quite
forgetting to
disembark, he
found himself
gradually

pushed up
against the
railing by the
massing
throng of
porters.

A young man
with whom he
had struck up
a slight

acquaintance
during the
crossing said
to him in
passing: 'Well,
don't you want
to get off yet?'
'I'm all ready,'
said Karl
laughing to

him, and in his
exuberance
and because
he was a
strong lad, he
raised his
suitcase on to
his shoulder.
But as he
watched his

acquaintance
disappearing
along with the
others,
swinging a
cane, he
realized that
he had left his
umbrella down
in the ship. So

he hurriedly
asked his
acquaintance,
who seemed
less than
overjoyed
about it, to be
so good as to
wait by his
suitcase for a

moment, took
a quick look
around for his
subsequent
orientation,
and hurried
off. Below
deck, he found
to his
annoyance

that a passage
that would
have
considerably
shortened the
way for him
was for the
first time
barred,
probably

something to
do with the
fact that all
the
passengers
were
disembarking,
and so he was
forced instead
to make his

way through
numerous
little rooms,
along
continually[...]
”

“The second
window was
untenanted

and afforded
the best views.
But in the
proximity of
the third stood
two
gentlemen,
conducting a
muffled
conversation.

One of them
was leaning
beside the
window, he
too in ship's
uniform,
toying with
the handle of a
sabre. His
collocutor was

facing the
window and by
occasional
movements
revealed some
part of a row
of medals on
the other's
chest. He was
in a civilian

suit and had a thin bamboo cane, which, as he had both hands on his hips, stood out like a sache of tea as well.

Karl had little time to take in

all of this,
because a
servant soon
approached
the stoker
and, frowning,
as though he
didn't belong
there, asked
him what he

was doing.
The man
replied, as
quietly as he
could, that he
wanted a word
with the chief
cashier. The
servant
declined this

wish with a
movement of
his hand but,
nevertheless,
on the tips of
his toes, and
giving the
round table a
wide berth,
went up to the

man with the
ledgers.

A lot of people
pass by and in
France there
is then a
surrealist
image of pen
writers
association

and then
comes the
shift to the
axis of
working class
people all in
Marxist
general strike
and then
comes the

Marxists and
Communists
all the same,
all alike and
then one is
transferred to
the long
history of
Italian writers
and right

wingers who
all live in
Mexico even
now. In
Mexico one
finds this
whole criminal
class of
academcis. I
mean call this

work what is
called a
portmanteaux
of the
workers,
peasants,
shipping
merchants,
and capitalist
merchants and

philosophers
who then are
different in the
portmanteaux
it means in set
of castes and
ways of life
there is a lot
of different
mentionings of

expenditure
and money
classes.

As Brecht
alights from a
flight in New
Delhi, it all
means in this
sense a Three
Penny Opera

of then the
criminal man
and his right
wing mind and
then comes
the heroes.
The Marxists.
The man – it
was quite
evident – froze

at the
servant's
words, then
finally turned
to face the
man who
wanted to
speak[...]"

“After all, it
was far from
being the only
pleasure in his
life. In his
room there
was an
American
writing desk of
the very finest

sort, one of
the kind his
father had
been longing
for for years,
and had tried
to find at an
affordably
cheap price at
various

auctions,
without ever
having been
able to afford
one with his
small means.
Of course his
desk was
nothing like
those so-called

American
desks that
turn up at
European
auctions. For
instance the
top part of it
had a hundred
different
compartments

of all sizes, so
that even the
President
would have
found room for
each of his
files in it, but
even better
than that, it
had an

adjuster at the
side, so that
by turning a
handle one
could
rearrange and
adjust the
compartments
in whatever
way one

wanted or
needed. Thin
lateral
partitions
slowly
descended to
form the floors
of newly
created
compartments

or the ceilings
of enlarged
ones; with just
one turn of the
handle, the
appearance of
the top would
be completely
transformed,
and one could

do it either
slowly or at
incredible
speed,
depending on
how one
turned[...]"

"Every word
he says is

true,' said the
man before
anyone could
ask, even
before anyone
looked at him.
A lot of people
pass by and in
France there
is then a

surrealist
image of pen
writers
association
and then
comes the
shift to the
axis of
working class
people all in

Marxist
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all the same,
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merchants and
philosophers
who then are
different in the
portmanteaux
it means in set
of castes and

ways of life
there is a lot
of different
mentionings of
expenditure
and money
classes.

As Brecht
alights from a
flight in New

Delhi, it all
means in this
sense a Three
Penny Opera
of then the
criminal man
and his right
wing mind and
then comes

the heroes.
The Marxists.
Such
precipitatenes
s on the
stoker's part
might have
cost him dear,
had not the
man with the

medals, who,
as it dawned
on Karl, must
be the captain,
already
decided for
himself that he
would listen to
the stoker's
case. He put

out a hand and
called out:
‘Come here!’
in a voice so
firm you could
have beaten it
with a
hammer. Now
everything
depended on

the conduct of
the stoker, for
Karl had no
doubt as to the
rightness of
his cause.

Happily, it
became clear
that the man

was well
versed in the
ways of the
world. With
exemplary
calmness he
plucked from
his little case a
bundle of
papers and a

notebook, and,
completely
ignoring the
chief cashier
as though
there was no
question of
doing anything
else, went
straight to the

captain, and
laid out his
evidence on
the window-
sill. The chief
cashier had no
option but to
join them
there”

“Mr Green
received them
in a great
hurry, as
though there
was much
catching up to
do, he took Mr
Pollunder’s
arm and

pushed Karl
and Klara
ahead of him
into the
dining-room,
which, with
the flowers on
the table half-
peeping out of
strips of fresh

foliage, looked
very festive,
and made Mr
Green's
presence
doubly
regrettable. As
he stood by
the table
waiting for the

others to sit
down, Karl
was glad that
the big glass
door into the
garden would
be left open,
because a
powerful scent
blew up to

them as in an
arbour, when
Mr Green,
puffing and
panting,
busied himself
with shutting
it, bending
down to the
lowest bolts,

reaching up on
tiptoe for the
top ones, and
all with such
youthful speed
that by the
time the
servant rushed
up to help it
was all done.

Mr Green's
first words at
table were
expressions of
surprise that
Karl had been
permitted by
his uncle to
make this
visit. Rapidly,

he spooned
soup into his
mouth and
explained to
Klara on his
right and Mr
Pollunder on
his left why he
was so
surprised, how

closely the
uncle watched
over Karl,
and[...].”

She told him
to get up, but
he didn't move
or reply.
Somewhere

she lit a
candle, and
the room grew
light, a blue
zigzag pattern
appeared on
the ceiling,
but Karl lay
there, his head
on the sofa

cushion, just
as Klara had
left it, and
didn't move it
an inch. Klara
walked about
the room, her
skirt swishing
against her
legs, then she

stopped for a long time, probably by the window, he guessed.

‘Snapped out of it?’ she could be heard to ask. It was a heavy blow

to Karl that in
this room,
where Mr
Pollunder had
put him for the
night, he could
get no rest.

This girl was
walking about
in it, then she

would stop
and talk, it
was all so
inexpressibly
tedious. He
wanted to get
to sleep
quickly, and
then get out of
here, nothing

more. He
didn't even
want to go to
bed, just stay
where he was
on the sofa.
He was just
lying there,
waiting for her
to leave, then

he would leap
across to the
door, bolt it,
and fling
himself back
on the sofa.
He had such a
need to
stretch and
yawn, but he

was now a
militant of
course.”

Part IV – How
All Parts now
Correspond to
the Plan

Now in fact we
read the novel,
a fiction – it
has a
consequent
history – the
whole novel is
now meant to
be reflected
on. Maratisa,

and Mara, and
even Veia and
Lemara, all of
this then is the
history of
poetry which
is intertwined
with history of
politics and is
then about

fragmentation
and
Brechtianism,
even
Communism.

Conclusion –

And so in fact
the women in

American
Idealism, dive
into a
swimming
pool.

A lot of people
pass by and in
France there
is then a
surrealist

image of pen
writers
association
and then
comes the
shift to the
axis of
working class
people all in
Marxist

general strike
and then
comes the
Marxists and
Communists
all the same,
all alike and
then one is
transferred to
the long

history of
Italian writers
and right
wingers who
all live in
Mexico even
now. In
Mexico one
finds this
whole criminal

class of
academcis. I
mean call this
work what is
called a
portmanteaux
of the
workers,
peasants,
shipping

merchants,
and capitalist
merchants and
philosophers
who then are
different in the
portmanteaux
it means in set
of castes and
ways of life

there is a lot
of different
mentionings of
expenditure
and money
classes.

As Brecht
alights from a
flight in New
Delhi, it all

means in this
sense a Three
Penny Opera
of then the
criminal man
and his right
wing mind and
then comes
the heroes.
The Marxists.

Section II

I. Fiction

II. Biography

III. Marxism

IV. Ideas,

Ideens in

Phenomeno

logy

*V. Diction in
Monarchical
customs of
conversation, how the
person can
be
denounced
for being
just a*

*normal type
of guy*

*VI. Diction in
Lyric, how
we are the
most lyrical
people in
the
Monarchian
Customs*

*VII. You
make me so
hot, as the
meaning of
the work.*

*VIII. Read
each part
with this
key and
read it as*

*Symphony
and Jazz in
the 5th as
one would
argue.*

*IX. Example –
Stephen
talking high
and about
art then is*

*read with
any thing
here -*

*You make me
so hot then is
when he is
swerving and
she swerving
here in
highest*

*expressions
and lively jive
and that is
then in a 5th
major note,
now this is
music and is
like in fact a
utopian
reduction in*

*our lives
called Lynch
which is then
a Lynchian
utopian mix,
on how we see
it as in fact
mutli-facted
and complex
human*

*expressions
pouring out,
and that is
monarchical
drama – can
we then in fact
pronounce the
word in
cinematic
forms of us, or*

*are we just in
fact who we
are, not a
divine thing,
but a common
thing – like
chewing gum
and so we are
in fact then in
Symphony in*

*the 5th, about
this day in fact
as a normal
day, a boring
day can be
performed,
just sitting and
playing some
old card
games, but we*

*prefer in fact
the movement
of I am hot,
which means
then with a
long historical
Epic journey
here
something like
how we*

*transform the
days into
history, we are
being right
now as
philosophers
guage and
announce –
Epicurean and
atomistic of*

*what would
flow on
another day as
in fact
singular and
hot. It is just
the rhythms of
De Rerum
Natura they
explain.*

*All of this then
is indexed and
complexly.*

*I. A refleccion
of the
oddest
things.*

Sunday was
dedicated to
the mystery of
the Holy
Trinity,
Monday to the
Holy Ghost,
Tuesday to the

Guardian
Angels,
Wednesday to
Saint Joseph,
Thursday to
the Most
Blessed
Sacrament of
the Altar,
Friday to the

Suffering
Jesus,
Saturday to
the Blessed
Virgin Mary.

*Many
instances of
the past then
ply before you*

*as then in fact
one is so
fabulous and
so hot that we
are all
Finnegan's
long road and
this then is
poetry
bursting out of*

*the process. I
was only the
movement of
images and
such flights
that then
there was
existence this
Jewish flight.*

*The
developments
of all the days
then Sing high
praise of the
Gods and is
also then a
bend that
makes the
women praise*

*God and this
then is God
and it also
means then to
be in the
highest poems
and highest
sculptural
arts. This
divine thing*

*that happens
then with
music is the
Paraphalanx of
the
movements of
the Greek
hoplites in
war. I am
accused of*

*making things
to divine, like
an alcohol of
rum and its
Finnegan
poetry I am
told that this
genius is
Kabbalah. I
also mean we*

*bend and this
bends the
novels into
experimentalis
ms of the more
divine.*

He could wait
no longer.

From the door
of Byron's
public-house
to the gate of
Clontarf
Chapel, from
the gate of
Clontarf

Chapel to the
door of
Byron's public-
house and
then back
again to the
chapel and
then back
again to the
public-house

he had paced
slowly at first,
planting his
steps
scrupulously
in the spaces
of the
patchwork of
the footpath,
then timing

their fall to the
fall of verses.
A full hour had
passed since
his father had
gone in with
Dan Crosby,
the tutor, to
find out for
him something

about the
university. For
a full hour he
had paced up
and down,
waiting: but
he could wait
no longer.

*The originals
of divinity
then used to
live a life in
Greek housing
and this
became the
story of divine
Christ like life
and this was*

*the
Franciscans
and all their
stories and it
all became
then Marxism.
I meant that
miserable
poem which
then is so*

*moving. I
mean that it
just becomes
monarchical
law that
divinity is
lived in every
section of
their life. So
divine that the*

*mystery of the
colonials was
how they
dressed in
cathedral
lined clothing
and spoke in
high praise.
What then is
this divining*

*that keeps
happening to
us what then
the monarchs
call in fact
monarchy. You
get my point,
we are
monarchs and
we are in that*

*culture of
divinity and
kingship we
meant and
Queen as she
walks out to
meet Ilaan.*

Yes, his
mother was
hostile to the
idea, as he had
read from her
listless
silence. Yet
her mistrust
pricked him
more keenly

than his
father's pride
and he
thought coldly
how he had
watched the
faith which
was fading
down in his
soul ageing

and
strengthening
in her eyes. A
dim
antagonism
gathered force
within him and
darkened his
mind as a
cloud against

her disloyalty
and when it
passed,
cloudlike,
leaving his
mind serene
and dutiful
towards her
again, he was
made aware

dimly and
without regret
of a first
noiseless
sundering of
their lives.

The
university! So
he had passed
beyond the

challenge of
the sentries
who had stood
as guardians
of his boyhood
and had
sought to keep
him among
them that he
might be

subject to
them and
serve their
ends. Pride
after
satisfaction
uplifted him
like long slow
waves. The
end he had

been born to
serve yet did
not see had
led him to
escape by an
unseen path
and now it
beckoned to
him once more
and a new

adventure was
about to be
opened to him.
It seemed to
him that he
heard notes of
fitful music
leaping
upwards a
tone and

downwards a
diminished
fourth,
upwards a
tone and
downwards a
major third,
like triple-
branching
flames leaping

fitfully, flame
after flame,
out of a
midnight
wood. It was
an elfin
prelude,
endless and
formless; and,
as it grew

wilder and
faster, the
flames leaping
out of time, he
seemed to
hear from
under the
boughs and
grasses wild
creatures

racing, their
feet pattering
like rain upon
the leaves.
Their feet
passed in
pattering
tumult over
his mind, the
feet of hares

and rabbits,
the feet of
harts and
hinds and
antelopes,
until he heard
them no more
and
remembered
only a proud

cadence from
Newman:

Section III

*Who I was
then was a
young man
who was
Christian and*

*sang the days
in Messianism
for the Jewish
fact and then
became a
common
divinity and
then sang the
praise of
Christ and*

*became also
the journey to
Christian
history and
Churches and
we becomes
this light
because in
fact as all
stories go it is*

*such great
expectations
from you to be
less Spartacus
bound to the
poorest fleets
and ascend to
the margins of
the Sculpture.
You are not*

*then this
common
divine subject,
but a great
expectation to
meet then the
world which is
all about the
French style
Alenette, we*

*expect you to
join us.*

—Whose feet
are as the feet
of harts and
underneath
the everlasting
arms.

The pride of
that dim
image brought
back to his
mind the
dignity of the
office he had
refused. All
through his
boyhood he

had mused
upon that
which he had
so often
thought to be
his destiny
and when the
moment had
come for him
to obey the

call he had
turned aside,
obeying a
wayward
instinct. Now
time lay
between: the
oils of
ordination
would never

anoint his
body. He had
refused. Why?

*Right now,
when you're
gone the
pieces of my
heart are
missing you. I
am then the*

*Christian
person who
then is
voyaging in
ships and
making
cathedrals, all
this you miss
about the life
of grace. But*

*we murder it
Lenin and
Trotsky shout
with the
working class,
we are the
ruin, we are
those natural
ruins in
Mexico. We*

*are that
sepulchral cry
and that battle
fly. We are
then fleets as
Greek boats
all ascend into
a pure
alignment.*

Chapter II

The lore
which he was
believed to
pass his days
brooding upon
so that it had
rapt him from
the
companionshi

p of youth was
only a garner
of slender
sentences
from
Aristotle's
poetics and
psychology
and a *Synopsis
Philosophiæ*

Scholasticæ
ad mentem
div.i His
thinking was a
dusk of doubt
and
selfmistrust,
lit up at
moments by
the lightnings

of intuition,
but lightnings
of so clear a
splendour that
in those
moments the
world perished
about his feet
as if it had
been

fireconsumed;
and thereafter
his tongue
grew heavy
and he met the
eyes of others
with
unanswering
eyes, for he
felt that the

spirit of
beauty had
folded him
round like a
mantle and
that in reverie
at least he had
been
acquainted
with nobility.

But when this
brief pride of
silence upheld
him no longer
he was glad to
find himself
still in the
midst of
common lives,
passing on his

way amid the
squalor and
noise and
cloth of the
city fearlessly
and with a
light heart.

Chapter III

*Then it seems
like a flight
and becomes
the movement
of arrows and
also the
poorest
Christian life
spent in the
mire of*

*poverty and I
mean then all
this is poor.*

Lynch
nodded.

—I remember
that, he
said, *Pulcra
sunt quæ visa
placent.*

—He uses the word *visa*, said Stephen, to cover esthetic apprehensions of all kinds, whether through sight or hearing or through any

other avenue
of
apprehension.
This word,
though it is
vague, is clear
enough to
keep away
good and evil
which excite

desire and
loathing. It
means
certainly a
stasis and not
a kinesis. How
about the
true? It
produces also
a stasis of the

mind. You
would not
write your
name in pencil
across the
hypotenuse
of a
rightangled
triangle.

—No, said
Lynch, give
me the
hypothénuse
of the Venus of
Praxiteles.

—Static
therefore, said
Stephen.
Plato, I

believe, said
that beauty is
the splendour
of truth. I
don't think
that it has a
meaning, but
the true and
the beautiful
are akin. Truth

is beheld by
the intellect
which is
appeased by
the most
satisfying
relations of
the
intelligible;
beauty is

beheld by the
imagination
which is
appeased by
the most
satisfying
relations of
the sensible.
The first step
in the

direction of
truth is to
understand
the frame and
scope of the
intellect itself,
to
comprehend
the act itself of
intellection.

Aristotle's
entire system
of philosophy
rests upon his
book of
psychology
and that, I
think, rests on
his statement
that the same

attribute
cannot at the
same time and
in the same
connexion
belong to and
not belong to
the same
subject. The
first step in

the direction
of beauty is to
understand
the frame and
scope of the
imagination,
to
comprehend
the act itself of
esthetic

apprehension.

Is that clear?

—But what is
beauty? asked
Lynch
impatiently.

Out with
another
definition.

Something we

see and like!
Is that the
best you and
Aquinas can
do?

—Let us take
woman, said
Stephen.

—Let us take
her! said

Lynch
fervently.

—The Greek,
the Turk, the
Chinese, the
Copt, the
Hottentot, said
Stephen, all
admire a
different type

of female
beauty. That
seems to be a
maze out of
which we
cannot escape.
I see,
however, two
ways out. One
is this

hypothesis:
that every
physical
quality
admired by
men in women
is in direct
connexion
with the
manifold

functions of
women for the
propagation of
the species. It
may be so. The
world, it
seems, is
drearier than
even you,
Lynch,

imagined. For
my part I
dislike that
way out. It
leads to
eugenics
rather than to
esthetic. It
leads you out
of the maze

into a new
gaudy
lecturerroom
where
MacCann,
with one hand
on *The Origin
of Species* and
the other hand
on the new

testament,
tells you that
you admired
the great
flanks of
Venus because
you felt that
she would
bear you burly
offspring and

admired her
great breasts
because you
felt that she
would give
good milk to
her children
and yours.

—Then
MacCann is a

sulphuryellow
liar, said
Lynch
energetically.

—There
remains
another way
out, said
Stephen,
laughing.

—To wit? said
Lynch.

—This
hypothesis,
Stephen
began.

A long dray
laden with old
iron came
round the

corner of Sir
Patrick Dun's
hospital
covering the
end of
Stephen's
speech with
the harsh roar
of jangled and
rattling metal.

Lynch closed
his ears and
gave out oath
after oath till
the dray had
passed. Then
he turned on
his heel
rudely.
Stephen

turned also
and waited for
a few
moments till
his
companion's
ill-humour had
had its vent.

—This
hypothesis,

Stephen
repeated, is
the other way
out: that,
though the
same object
may not seem
beautiful to all
people, all
people who

admire a
beautiful
object find in
it certain
relations
which satisfy
and coincide
with the
stages
themselves of

all esthetic
apprehension.
These
relations of
the sensible,
visible to you
through one
form and to
me through
another, must

be therefore
the necessary
qualities of
beauty. Now,
we can return
to our old
friend saint
Thomas for
another

pennyworth of
wisdom.

Lynch
laughed.

—It amuses
me vastly, he
said, to hear
you quoting
him time after
time like a

jolly round
friar. Are you
laughing in
your sleeve?

—MacAlister,
answered
Stephen,
would call my
esthetic theory
applied

Aquinas. So
far as this side
of esthetic
philosophy
extends,
Aquinas will
carry me all
along the line.
When we
come to the

phenomena of
artistic
conception,
artistic
gestation, and
artistic
reproduction I
require a new
terminology
and a new

personal
experience.

—Of course,
said Lynch.
After all
Aquinas, in
spite of his
intellect, was
exactly a good
round friar.

But you will
tell me about
the new
personal
experience
and new
terminology
some other
day. Hurry up

and finish the
first part.

—Who
knows? said
Stephen,
smiling.
Perhaps
Aquinas would
understand me
better than

you. He was a
poet himself.
He wrote a
hymn for
Maundy
Thursday. It
begins with
the
words *Pange*
lingua

gloriosi. They
say it is the
highest glory
of the hymnal.
It is an
intricate and
soothing
hymn. I like it;
but there is no
hymn that can

be put beside
that mournful
and majestic
processional
song,
the *Vexilla*
Regis of
Venantius
Fortunatus.

Lynch began
to sing softly
and solemnly
in a deep bass
voice:

Inpleta
sunt quæ
concinit
David
fidei

carmine
Dicendo
nationibus
Regnavit a
ligno
Deus.

—That's
great! he said,
well pleased.
Great music!

They turned
into Lower
Mount Street.
A few steps
from the
corner a fat
young man,
wearing a silk
neckcloth,

saluted them
and stopped.

But that is
literary talk. I
understand it
so. When you
have
apprehended
that basket as
one thing and

have then
analysed it
according to
its form and
apprehended
it as a thing
you make the
only synthesis
which is
logically and

esthetically
permissible.

You see that it
is that thing
which it is and
no other thing.
The radiance
of which he
speaks in the
scholastic *quid*

ditas,
the *whatness* of
a thing. This
supreme
quality is felt
by the artist
when the
esthetic image
is first
conceived in

his
imagination.
The mind in
that
mysterious
instant Shelley
likened
beautifully to a
fading coal.
The instant

wherein that
supreme
quality of
beauty, the
clear radiance
of the esthetic
image, is
apprehended
luminously by
the mind

which has
been arrested
by its
wholeness and
fascinated by
its harmony is
the luminous
silent stasis of
esthetic
pleasure, a

spiritual state
very like to
that cardiac
condition
which the
Italian
physiologist
Luigi Galvani,
using a phrase
almost as

beautiful as
Shelley's,
called the
enchantment
of the heart.

Stephen
paused and,
though his
companion did
not speak, felt

that his words
had called up
around them a
thought-
enchanted
silence.

—What I have
said, he began
again, refers
to beauty in

the wider
sense of the
word, in the
sense which
the word has
in the literary
tradition. In
the
marketplace it
has another

sense. When we speak of beauty in the second sense of the term our judgement is influenced in the first place by the art itself and

by the form of
that art. The
image, it is
clear, must be
set between
the mind or
senses of the
artist himself
and the mind
or senses of

others. If you
bear this in
memory you
will see that
art necessarily
divides itself
into three
forms
progressing
from one to

the next.
These forms
are: the lyrical
form, the form
wherein the
artist presents
his image in
immediate
relation to
himself; the

epical form,
the form
wherein he
presents his
image in
mediate
relation to
himself and to
others; the
dramatic form,

the form
wherein he
presents his
image in
immediate
relation to
others.

—That you
told me a few
nights ago,

said Lynch,
and we began
the famous
discussion.

—I have a
book at home,
said Stephen,
in which I
have written
down

questions
which are
more amusing
than yours
were. In
finding the
answers to
them I found
the theory of
esthetic which

I am trying to
explain. Here
are some
questions I set
myself: *Is a
chair finely
made tragic or
comic? Is the
portrait of
Mona Lisa*

*good if I
desire to see
it? Is the bust
of Sir Philip
Crampton
lyrical, epical
or dramatic. If
not, why not?*

—Why not,
indeed? said

Lynch,
laughing.

—*If a man
hacking in
fury at a block
of
wood, Stephen
continued, ma
ke there an
image of a*

*cow, is that
image a work
of art? If not,
why not?*

—That's a
lovely one,
said Lynch,
laughing
again. That
has the true

scholastic
stink.

—Lessing,
said Stephen,
should not
have taken a
group of
statues to
write of. The
art, being

inferior, does
not present
the forms I
spoke of
distinguished
clearly one
from another.
Even in
literature, the
highest and

most spiritual
art, the forms
are often
confused. The
lyrical form is
in fact the
simplest
verbal vesture
of an instant
of emotion, a

rhythmical cry
such as ages
ago cheered
on the man
who pulled at
the oar or
dragged
stones up a
slope. He who
utters it is

more
conscious of
the instant of
emotion than
of himself as
feeling
emotion. The
simplest epical
form is seen
emerging out

of lyrical
literature
when the
artist prolongs
and broods
upon himself
as the centre
of an epical
event and this
form

progresses till
the centre of
emotional
gravity is
equidistant
from the artist
himself and
from others.
The narrative
is no longer

purely
personal. The
personality of
the artist
passes into the
narration
itself, flowing
round and
round the
persons and

the action like
a vital sea.
This progress
you will see
easily in that
old English
ballad *Turpin
Hero*, which
begins in the
first person

and ends in
the third
person. The
dramatic form
is reached
when the
vitality which
has flowed and
edded round
each person

fills every
person with
such vital
force that he
or she
assumes a
proper and
intangible
esthetic life.
The

personality of
the artist, at
first a cry or a
cadence or a
mood and then
a fluid and
lambent
narrative,
finally refines
itself out of

existence,
impersonalizes
itself, so to
speak. The
esthetic image
in the
dramatic form
is life purified
in and
reprojected

from the
human
imagination.
The mystery of
esthetic, like
that of
material
creation, is
accomplished.
The artist, like

the God of
creation,
remains within
or behind or
beyond or
above his
handiwork,
invisible,
refined out of
existence,

indifferent,
paring his
fingernails.

—Trying to
refine them
also out of
existence, said
Lynch.

A fine rain
began to fall

from the high
veiled sky and
they turned
into the duke's
lawn to reach
the national
library before
the shower
came.

—What do
you mean,
Lynch asked
surlily, by
prating about
beauty and the
imagination in
this miserable
Godforsaken
island? No

wonder the
artist retired
within or
behind his
handiwork
after having
perpetrated
this country.

The rain fell
faster. When

they passed
through the
passage
beside Kildare
house they
found many
students
sheltering
under the
arcade of the

library.
Cranly,
leaning
against a
pillar, was
picking his
teeth with a
sharpened
match,
listening to

some
companions.
Some girls
stood near the
entrance door.
Lynch
whispered to
Stephen:

—Your
beloved is
here.

Section III

*In the pure
movement of
bodies and
arrows then*

*the Greek
hoplites made
the whole
process simple
in a simple
ascendence of
the steps on a
staircase. And
it means then
as all the*

*literate few
women also
went to read
Spanish
poems.*

*I call this
Spanish.*

—And if you
got nothing,
would you
rob?

—You wish
me to say,
Stephen
answered, that
the rights of
property are

provisional,
and that in
certain
circumstances
it is not
unlawful to
rob. Everyone
would act in
that belief. So
I will not make

you that
answer. Apply
to the jesuit
theologian
Juan Mariana
de Talavera
who will also
explain to you
in what
circumstances

you may
lawfully kill
your king and
whether you
had better
hand him his
poison in a
goblet or
smear it for
him upon his

robe or his
saddlebow.

Ask me rather
would I suffer
others to rob
me or, if they
did, would I
call down
upon them
what I believe

is called the
chastisement
of the secular
arm?

*Brechtianism
demands then
the process to
be art regime
as then the*

*whole
movement of
an ascendance
is then given
to ascend and
this then is the
Marxists who
thrill it all to
general
proletarian*

*revolt which of
you are the
leader and the
life expresses
all of
Communism.*

*Fever then is
handled with
divine*

*Fransciscan
cure and even
added to
develop the
story. I mean
then we live
this immortal
art. I mean
Spartacus is*

*lived then in
Marxism.*

Chapter III

The small
bend then is
the crux of the
novel. It
means there is
a small bend

in the work of
life. It just is
then jiving and
it is a process
which then is
a complex
image of the
British ways,
which go to
America and is

then also part
of the present
Berlin and is
also
Communist
and so in
recent Indian
people. It just
means that we
bend in life.

I also mean
the long
movement of
journeys in
Italian
movements in
literature then
is also in
history a

history of the
truth of who
bends in an
arc. I meant
just then
define this
apostulate. It
is something
like a syntax of
the bend.

First the
movement in
the
proposition is
a lyric and an
aesthetics and
this then is a
bend in the art
of the

American lyric
and is also
philosophical
and it means
that then the
lyric becomes
dramatic and
this becomes
epic.

II. The
Exuberance
of a
Militant
and the
Trousers-
Shirt
Combination
which
then is also

then a
Complex
Segmentati
on of Living
Praxis

I meant then
that the small
wallet and its
expenditure

was also then
the process of
going to a
shop and
spending a
small amount
and then one
configures to
checking the
pocket and

taking out the
wallet and
change and
spending it on
a cheap
cigarette this
introduces
style of
smoking and
that frees the

lips and then
one meets a
friend and
talks on the
phone and
that is more
movement of
the lips. And
this produces
a speaking

person and
has a
Schopenhauerian style
which then is
cool and this
becomes the
process of
elaborating a
judgement of a

view and even
being
philosophical
which then is
imperfect and
life life. I mean
then in fact
there is
expenditure
on some

television
which is if one
buys a
cigarette and
watches
television and
all this
describes a
world of
affairs.

III. Proof of Triangles and Squares and Also Divinity

Then in fact
comes in the
proof on a

work by the
pen and that is
in fact true
and true in
science that
we are living
science and it
has
translations
into

humanities
and such
histories and
inventions and
this produces
a whole
movement of
hands on a
map and
describes the

fact of history
and becomes
for the Italian
group there a
small work in
Roma.

IV. Concrete Realism

I mean then
one is in a car
and in the car
one checks the
car deck and
puts in papers
of the paper
there. And
right here I
am a legal

person and I
am checking
the law today,
and it says I
am perfect.

The American
crowds bend
and then I am
swinging and
black folk also

do this. And I
mean they are
happiness.
They are all
perfect in
grace.

V. Production Process

I mean then
one produces
a work, and it
explains it all.
I am bending
in a room and
she is writing
and singing. I
am then about

the process of
writing. And
so many
pamphlets are
written about
this process.

“Axiom – we
win

Postulate – we
are lyrical and
true to
ourselves

Defintion –
Youth”

And so we just
find it a

youthful
scream from
the women
and so much
music.

Part II

I. A Long Artistic Meditation

In fact then a
work of art is
then a bunch
of perceptions
which then
depict the
novelistic

person who is
then in fact a
man named
Araine and it
is so much
description he
is doing in a
street of the
senses of a
street and all

its concrete
cars. One
takes a car
and one can
be talking and
switch to
someone who
is drinking in a
pub and

someone in a
house.

II. Dancing Musically

I mean when
we danced and
this was
America again

black and
white folk
both.

I mean this
becomes the
process of
reflections in
life. I mean
just reflect on

life in spent
writing and
literature. Just
produce a
utopian art of
it all. I mean
just be
reflections of
the novels.

Just produce
the answer.

That it is
tempting to
see a
connection
between the
modernization
of Paris put

through by
Napoleon III
and his
henchmen—in
particular by
his prefect of
the Seine,
Baron
Haussmann—
and the new

painting of the
time. A critic
unfriendly to
that painting,
and
particularly to
its claim to
strict optical
neutrality,
might be

disposed to
put the
connection
thus: It seems
that only when
the city has
been
systematically
occupied by
the

bourgeoisie,
and made
quite
ruthlessly to
represent that
class's rule,
can it be taken
by painters to
be an
appropriate

and purely
visual subject
for their art.
They see it as
a space from
which mere
anecdote and
narrative have
been displaced
at last, and

which
therefore is
paintable; but
do they not
mean by
anecdote and
narrative
simply the
presence—the
pressure, the

interference—
of other
classes
besides their
own?

Haussmann's
modernity,
this critic
would say,
was philistine

and
repressive,
and it is right
that our
gorges should
rise at
Fourcade La
Roquette's
unctuous
reminder, in

the 1869
debate over
the baron's
achievements,
that as
recently as
1847 "the
street lamps
were still not
lit on nights

when the
moon shone,”
and at the
defender, on
the other
hand, might
say that
modernist
painters,
though they

showed the
new Paris,
most often did
so in terms
which had
nothing in
common with
the official
myth. They
largely

avoided those
spaces,
perspectives,
occasions, and
monuments
which
Haussmann
himself would
have seen as
the essence of

Hausmannization. Not until later, in the 1890s, did Pissarro present a full Hausmannian point de vue from one end of the Avenue

de l'Opéra to
the other
(Plate III). In
the 1860s and
1870s, what
seemed to
impress the
new painting
was the city's
arbitrary and

unfinished
character.
Manet, for
instance, in
his painting of
the empire's
Exposition
Universelle of
1867 (Plate
IV), was half

inclined to
outright satire
of the city and
its small
enthusiasts.
We should
compare his
view of the
fictional form
of Paris here—

panoramic,
unified,
theatrical,
spectacular,
and flat—with
his picture,
painted ten
years later, of
the facts
attendant on

such
exhibitions:
the
nondescript
perspective of
a street
effaced by the
regulation
blood-red flag,
or the same

street
containing a
one-legged
man en blouse
—a veteran of
1870, say, or,
even worse, of
1871.

This chapter
tries to
mediate
between these
as it was not
unusual in the
1880s for a
painter to
choose a
subject like

this and
believe it to be
modern and
poetical. There
was a notion
in the
nineteenth
century that
the city
divulged its

secrets in such
places, and
that the
curious
ground
between town
and country—
the banlieue,
as Parisians
called it—had

its own poetry
and sharpened
the dreaming
onlooker's
sense of what
it meant to be
bourgeois or
campagnard.
Victor Hugo
put it as

follows, in a
passage he
added to his
novel *Les
Misérables* for
the new
edition of
1861: To
wander in a
kind of

reverie, to
take a stroll as
they call it, is
a good way for
a philosopher
to spend his
time;
particularly in
that kind of
bastard

countryside,
somewhat ugly
but bizarre,
made up of
two different
natures, which
surrounds
certain great
cities, notably
Paris. To

observe the
banlieue is to
observe an
amphibian.

End of trees,
beginning of
roofs, end of
grass,
beginning of
paving stones,

end of
ploughed
fields,
beginning of
shops, the end
of the beaten
track, the
beginning of
the passions
[fin des

ornières,
commencemen
t des
passions], the
end of the
murmur of
things divine,
the beginning
of the noise of
humankind—

all of this
holds an
extraordinary
interest.

And thus, in
these
unattractive
places, forever
marked by the
passer-by with

the epithet
sad, the
promenades,
apparently
aimless, of the
dreamer. [De
là, dans ces
lieux peu
attrayants, et
marqués à

jamais par le
passant de
l'épithète:
triste, les
promenades,
en apparence
sans but, du
songeur.]4

These
paragraphs
may have left
their traces in
van Gogh's
elaborate,
bookish mind.
In any case he
would have
known for

certain that
the banlieue
was meant to
be
melancholy.

III. The Description of the Italian

Risorgimen
tists and
the Berlin
Benno and
All These
Right
Wingers
now facing
the
Marxists in

a Direct Fight in a Working Class Fight on the All

In one sense
then it means
to catch a flat
knife and wind

it past the
other man. I
mean then a
duel or a
combat breaks
out in a Berlin
Alexanderplatz
train between
the
Communists

and the far
fascists. In
another
instance the
same happens
in a street in
Italy.

The small
gesture to

walk by in
Italy means
that the
writers are all
organising in
fact with
Mussolini at
that point
some type of
what Karl and

Rosa
Luxembourg
called a street
fight and large
ensemble fight
of the fascists.
In this sense
then history is
all the same,
an outright

fight between
the fascists
and the
Marxist or
Communists.

In one sense
the repetition
means also to
understand

the Italian
mafiosi which
is also around
as Antonio
walks sweetly
into the small
cheap
proletarian
council
housing and

sweeps his
dirty clothes
and
newspapers
into the bed
and throws
out all the
junk into the
road. He
means then to

throw a lot of
his pamphlets
and writings
and throw
more garbage
of food and
poor chips and
old pasta with
it. He is some
type of realist

he feels to
Crocean
idealism on
Leon Trotsky
and Lenin
there, and is
less of a
materialist.

He means
these people
in Mexico,
where the
critics all
gather today
in the 2000s
then are all
populist
thinkers of the

right. Their
mind is all
about crime
and
conventions of
academic life
and even
cheap crime
and cheap
meditations on

the concrete
linkages
between
someone living
somewhere
and memories
of college
Mexican and
how in fact
they think

differently, not
progressive
Marxism, but
Chicaluco
language
thinking first
spoken in
Italian circles
in the 1900s
as the Italian

language
thinkers who
meant in fact
as they walk to
think of in fact
killing people
and killing
even women.
It means as
Marat argued

in the 18th
century in
French
Jacobin
groups, there
are two styles
of philosophy –
that of the
Jacobins and
that of their

people or the
marauders
and despots
and killers and
exploiters.

IV. In one
Stroke of
the Blade

In fact then to
catch a knife
and fight the
killers is then
a common
word in the
20th century
German
Spartacists. It
means we are

Marxists, so
are the
poorest. But
these
bourgeois
fascists and
writers and
academics
who follow
this idealism

of the far
right, recently
witnessed in
Mumbai and
Shiv Sena
forms of
spoken abuse
and style of
abuse then
and more

abuse is finally
the point the
Mexicans
make about
the part about
the academics
in San Chivo
gallery.

V. Documenti ng History in Fine Art in this Way

And so
Malevich is
aware of the
beauty of the
European left.

He meant in
one concrete
geometric
shape called a
complex
rectangle it is
clear that the
Spartacists
think along
with Antonio

of the poorest
mentalities
and crassest
people and not
there

Croceanism of
the Left. They
are in fact
walking
criminals.

In one left
street, Antonio
wrote of –

“The many
concrete
subaltern and
populist
factions of the

exploiters who
then document
their work in a
fiction, which
is about styles,
modes of
thinking in
ideology, what
the ideology is
then is a

political
ideology called
the far right.”

He meant that
in this street
there are
criminals. He
meant also
their process

is also about
complexity,
like in America
where the
Corsicans
think and
work
according to
the Italian
origins and

this was
common in the
long 20th
century, for
Antonio who
knows them as
alcoholics,
killers and
even wife
killers and

beater ups and
people who
plot daily.

I mean they
plot on a daily
basis. The
Corsicans are
all family
talking Mean

guns who then
are always
plotting a
killing.

Part III

I. Lanterns in Small

Cheap Housing

“Who are
you?’ asked
the retainer
and held the
lantern in
Karl’s face,
thereby

simultaneously
lighting up his
own. His face
seemed rather
stiff on
account of a
long white
beard which
only broke up
into silky

ringlets when
it hit his chest.
He must be a
trusty servant
to be allowed
to wear such a
beard, thought
Karl, and he
stared at its
length and

breadth,
without being
inhibited by
the fact that
he was being
stared at
himself. He
replied right
away that he
was a guest of

Mr
Pollunder's,
that he had
left his own
room to go
back to the
dining-room,
but had been
unable to find
it. 'Oh yes,'

said the
servant, 'we
haven't
introduced
electric light
yet.' 'I know,'
said Karl.
'wouldn't you
care to light
your candle at

my lantern?’
asked the
servant. ‘Yes
please,’ said
Karl, and did
so. ‘There is
such a draught
in the
corridors,’
said the

servant, ‘a
candle is
easily
extinguished,
and so I have
a lantern.’

‘Yes, a lantern
is far more
practical,’ said
Karl. ‘You’re

all spattered
with wax too,’
said the
servant,
passing the
lantern over
Karl’s suit.”

II. Formal Exchanges

between
Italian
Writers and
Mexican
Academics
and a Long
History of
Far Right
People in
this

Constellation
n also
called
Corsican in
America
and the
problem of
being a
Vigilant
Left

In fact then
the value-form
can express it
this way one
argues as a
materialist in
Marx –

Spending
change, and

poor money
and buying
poor stuff. And
a lot of
garbage to
clear.

“What is the
problem with
this garbage

you throw
here?” The
Italian housing
mafiosi asks
the people in a
housing
section.

“No problems
with the

payments, will
pay you.” And
so the Italians
pay the
mafiosi.

Now I mean
this exchange
makes it to all
the present

problems of
living in poor
quarters. It
means the
poor live a
complex life of
poor values.

“Buy that
cheap thing

and spend
money on the
cleaning house
side and buy
more cheap
things today.”

It means
Italians and
Corsicans are
all plotting in

cheap buying
today. This is a
concrete
ideology.

I mean then
people think a
lot on how to
scam
someone. We

as Marxists
are too
philosophical.

III. Inciden ts

In the little inn
that Karl
reached after

a short walk,
which was
actually the
last little way-
station for
vehicular
traffic to New
York, and was
thus rarely
used for

overnighting,
Karl asked for
the cheapest
billet
available,
because he
thought he
had to start
economizing
right away.

The landlord
accordingly
ushered him,
like an
employee, up
the stairs,
where a
dishevelled old
baggage,
annoyed at

having her
sleep
disturbed,
received him
and almost
without
listening to
him, with
incessant
instructions to

him to tread
softly, led him
to a room, and
breathing one
last 'Ssh!' at
him, shut the
door after him.
At first Karl
wasn't sure
whether it was

because the
curtains were
drawn, or the
room had no
windows, it
was so dark;
at last he
noticed a
small dormer
window, he

drew away the
cloth veiling it,
and a little
light entered
the room.

Just when Karl
pulled aside
the curtain,
one of the

sleepers
raised his
arms and legs
in the air a
little, which
looked so
ridiculous that
Karl, for all his
worries, had
to laugh

silently to
himself.

He soon saw
that, apart
from the lack
of anywhere
else to sleep,
no sofa, no
couch, he
wouldn't be

able to sleep
anyway,
because he
couldn't
expose his
newly
returned
suitcase and
the money he
carried on him

to any danger.
Nor did he
want to leave,
because he
didn't think he
could slip past
the woman
and the
landlord and
leave the

building
unnoticed. But
surely he
wouldn't be at
greater risk
here than on
the open road.
There was,
though, as far
as he could

tell in the half-
light, a
striking
absence of any
other luggage
in the room.
Perhaps the
likeliest
solution was
that these two

were house-servants, who would have to get up soon to look after the guests, and therefore slept in their clothes. In which case he

wasn't in
particularly
prestigious
company, but
at least he was
safe. But so
long as there
was any doubt
about it, he

mustn't go to
sleep.

IV. Structural
Transforma
tions of this
Developme
nt of the
Left on the
Street with

the Italian Classes and Contempor ary Critics

Over a long
history then
there is a long
transformation
of the long
stories here

between leftist
and right
wingers and
concrete
contemplation
s and even
concrete knife
fights and
such long
chawl

histories and
such
developments.
It means
history just
passes one by,
as the Italians
make it to
Latin America
and Benno

from Germany
is then in a
Mexican
convention as
a criminal
writer and all
this was
history for the
left to know. It
is so many

years passing
by and so
many changes
in the
bourgeois
public sphere
and so many
things going
on in the
world.

At one level
the world of
people in
Mexican
offices is then
all about the
poor being
scammed. A
certain

Mexican is
then off
walking with
his joke of a
friend, and
talking about
nailing some
pin money on
the Cockarella
as the

Corsicans joke
in Italy.